

The Australian Theosophist

With which are incorporated "Theosophy in Australia" and "Advance ! Australia."

The Official Organ of the Theosophical Society in Australia

Edited by the GENERAL SECRETARY, with the co-operation of the Rt. Rev. C. W. LEADBEATER.

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From the Crow's Nest

1930

What the year 1930 holds for Australia is, as we say, on the knees of the Gods, but is it not as much on the knees of every member of the Theosophical Society? The Gods cannot work Their will in Australia save through human agents, and the challenge comes to Theosophists, actual and potential, who are more or less conscious of Their will, to work with Them and bring Australia through the present crisis. We are face to face with an industrial trouble which may assume greater proportions. Goodwill and justice lie prostrate at the contemptuous feet of tyrants of selfishness, whether on the side of employers or workers, and Australia is menaced with increasing disability in their cold and strangling grip. Who shall smash this combine of selfishness but men of wisdom, men of vision, of tolerance, of conciliation, of comradeship? And who shall lead such an enterprise but Theosophists, whose lives are a permanent attitude of conciliation and goodwill to all parties, to all classes? We must get the point of view of the Elder Brethren, and not our particular point of view, and Their point of view, as far as we can interpret it, is to bring both sides closer together, to induce both sides to work together for mutual ends. Once we

discover that to be the will of the Elder Brethren, we must work to make Their will prevail.

Australia a Battlefield

Everything, everywhere is Kurukshetra. Every individual is a battlefield. Every family, every community, every country is a battle-field on which the forces of darkness war on the forces of light. The Brothers of the Shadow and the Brothers of the Light have ever been at war in the world: the struggle is visibly going on in India and no less in Australia. The President has splendidly held the fort in India, and though the National Congress has declared for Independence against Dominion Status we are not alarmed lest India should be lost to the Empire. The President will, of course, resist Independence, and from her past achievements as the world's master statesman we should expect her to win for Dominion Status, on the side of the Brothers of Light. So Australia has to be organized for the Brothers on the side of Light. Australia has to be organised into a true democracy. Nothing short of a general rising in Australia will make an Australian democracy—the employer rising against the capitalism of money, the worker rising against the capitalism of hatred, and the ignorant and

apathetic public rising up and governing the country. For lack of great leaders the Government is held in derision by the emissaries of disruption; if employers and workers would become knights at a Round Table of Goodwill, leaving outside the emissaries of disruption, they might assert conciliation over illwill, might trample anarchy underfoot. What we as Theosophists can do is to hold the ideal of happiness and peace in ourselves, and peace, order and respect for order abroad. By holding that thought in our minds for twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four we shall see Australia safely through. Some years ago, a Great One said to Dr. Besant: "I need not say to you, Have no fear, but I do say to you, Have no anxiety." Anxiety is only natural, as Bishop Arundale intimated to a Sydney audience lately. "The forces of darkness seem overwhelming, and yet over the whole world the Star of the King is ever shining. There is naught that takes place outside His consciousness. All is within His purpose. Fear we have gone beyond. Anxiety we need not have, and so, forward brethren, forward for Australia's service."

A Weapon of Light

The spearpoint of our campaign for a better Australia during 1930 might well be the "Who's for Australia?" League. Lacking a benevolent despot who could lead the country to the heights of idealism, we have in this League a body of idealists who must lead Australia into her larger destiny. There would be no need for "Who's for Australia?" or any other League or any other challenge if every individual citizen were his own leader, dedicated to the service of his motherland and through her to the Empire and to the world. The average citizen is apathetic and indifferent. The average leader is so much a slave of party interests, manoeuvring to those in the background, that he loses whatever power of leadership he originally

possessed. A true leader has no party interest, no self interest, he is careless of his own personal welfare, but he has a vision of reality and he hammers away at that ideal in season and out of season, fanatically and relentlessly, until he makes his idealism practicable and every other interest subservient to it. "Who's for Australia?" is the call of such a visionary. The growing body of the League is the response to his call. It unites all lovers of Australia in common service, it promotes Australia's interests in every department of Australian life, and it seeks to ensure for Australia an honoured place within the Empire and for the Empire within the Empire and for the Empire an honoured place among the nations of the world. Small though it is at present, the "Who's for Australia?" League is a tool fashioned for the use of the Brothers of Light, and They will use it if we make it steely strong. Let us not be indifferent lest we lose a splendid chance of serving Australia through this League, but let us steadily fashion this instrument in Their hands, pushing the League in every part of the Commonwealth, bringing in members, dropping leaflets about it in reading rooms and shops and tramcars, strengthening it in all possible ways. Everyone who joins this League comes nearer the Light, in him the Light is in some measure intensified. So is the Light in Australia deepened and the darkness lessened.

Blavatsky Fellowship.

It is proposed to introduce into the 1930 Convention at Easter several innovations which promise to make it outstanding in the history of the Australian Section. We will deal with them in two paragraphs. First, the Blavatsky Fellowship is to be instituted to hold what would normally be called a Summer School during the week preceding Convention. Convention begins on Thursday, April 17th, and the Fellowship will be inaugurated on the 10th, meeting at The Manor. Bishop

Leadbeater will deliver the opening address. Probably afternoon sessions only will be held, as suiting the convenience of the greatest number likely to attend. The object is to talk over Theosophy as H. P. Blavatsky offered it to the world, and to equip members with new ideas and material for the year's work. The subjects for discussion at this inauguration will be (1) "Theosophy as the Science of Life;" (2) "Theosophy applied to Australia." The two studies will embrace Theosophy theoretical and practical. In the course on Theosophy as the Science of Life we shall consider (a) the General Scheme—Whence—How — Whither; (b) the Unfoldment of Consciousness through the Kingdoms of Nature; (c) Occultism and Mysticism: the Rays. Theosophy will be applied to Australia in international affairs, in national affairs, in educational affairs, in religious affairs, in industrial affairs, in social and individual affairs, in cultural affairs. One day will be reserved for discussion on Section and Lodge work and ways of improving both. The registration fee is 5/—, which will entitle every member of the Fellowship, whether he attends or not, to a "transaction" of the meeting, covering a resume of the addresses. The General Secretary will be glad to enrol those who desire to benefit by this intensive study of the works of our revered leader, H.P.B.

Business at Convention

Instead of financial business dominating Convention as heretofore, the dominating feature will be a series of six lectures named after prominent personalities and delivered by special lecturers. Routine business will be disposed of on Thursday and the lecture session will commence on Good Friday morning. There will be the Blavatsky lecture, the Olcott lecture, the Subba Rao lecture, the Judge lecture, the Sinnett lecture, the Subramania Iyer lecture. Bishop Leadbeater as the most distinguished guest will deliver the

Blavatsky lecture, and the others will be allotted to the Lodges. Each lecture will have a definite intent. Then there will be the Annie Besant Forum, which will take a whole morning. The Lodges will be asked to vote for the choice of a subject from the following: (a) "Is there an old Theosophy and a new Theosophy?" (b) "Whither the Theosophical Society?" (c) "Are there many Paths to the Goal or only one?" (d) "Is my Theosophy Theosophy?" (e) "Is Australia ready for Theosophical Teaching?" After the subject has been introduced in a half hour's address speakers appointed by the Lodges will discuss it for an hour in five minute talks, well prepared and condensed. One afternoon will be set aside for Questions and Answers. Lodges or individuals may like to send in a set of questions; they should reach the General Secretary not later than Monday, April 7th. Brief answers will be given by competent persons. If any questions are sent for publication in our February or March issues some members might like to send in brief answers. We shall be glad to have both. With such an excellent programme, with Bishop and Rukmini Arundale in our midst, and above all the presence of Bishop Leadbeater, who is making a special journey from Adyar to attend this Convention, we hope many more members than formerly will come from other States to Sydney and make Convention a wonderful success. We foresee that a great concentration of Theosophical forces at this Convention would be a mighty weapon in the hands of the Brothers of Light in Their war with the Brothers of the Shadow. Who knows but it might be the turning point at which Australia breaks through the cloud of darkness which overshadows her? So rally, brethren, and come in a mighty body to Sydney at Easter!

Australia Day, January 26th

Foundation Day, January 26th, would have greater significance if it

were universally called Australia Day. In the true spirit of patriotism every day is a foundation day in the history of Australia. Every good citizen is a builder in the sense of speculative masonry, laying the stones in the edifice of the ideal Australia which shall some day be the greatest country in the world. The pioneers of the past were builders of the Australia we inherit today, the builders of today are the pioneers of the future. The true builders are those who are thinking less of themselves and more of Australia and what they can do for her. Do you ever think whither Australia is tending, what kind of an Australia we shall someday have, and what you can do to hasten her inevitable greatness? Does Australia fill your mental background? It is that intense and constant love of country which Australia needs from every citizen—that is the true patriotism and not the jingoism which has degraded the fine sense of the word. True patriotism demands the re-dedication of every citizen to the spiritual service of his country. It is the spiritualisation of its ordinary everyday activities which Australia fundamentally needs—the purification of politics, the humanising of industry, the beautifying and dignifying of relations between man and man and between man and woman. Spirituality and patriotism are not incompatible: patriotism is of the very essence of spirituality—patriotism which is not aggressive, which is brotherly universally, which stands irresistibly for law and order. On that foundation we can build Australia's greatness, the recognition of the unity which it implies is the only safe foundation of social reconstruction. Since Admiral Phillip landed in Sydney Cove one hundred and forty-two foundations day have passed—if every day were dedicated to the service of Australia there would have been three hundred and sixty-five times as many. As soon as we make every day in the calendar a foundation day Australia will be

through her crisis, and will enter her golden age. Let us get the Australia habit, think of Australia first. Let us be patriotic and talk patriotism everywhere, talk kindness everywhere, talk conciliation everywhere. On January 26th hang out a flag, the Australian flag, of course, no matter how small from some window, and fly the Australian flag all the year round. Do not be ashamed of Australia, do not be indifferent to Australia, do not be careless of Australia. Love Australia passionately and boost your country. And if you have a picture of the Cenotaph, symbol of sacrifice, you do homage to your country by placing before it a flower of remembrance.

"Thou Shalt Not"

A correspondent of a daily paper eased his conscience for having eaten turkey for Christmas dinner by quoting a select passage from S. Paul to Timothy: "For every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused if it be received with thanksgiving." But the Bible quoter, evidently pricked by Bishop Arundale's protest against the Christmas massacre of animals, quite properly overlooked a higher authority than S. Paul, who said: "Thou shalt not kill." The Bible can, of course, be quoted for and against on almost any conceivable subject, save perhaps aviation and broadcasting, and danger lies in citing ex parte statements instead of using our brains and getting down to the truth of the matter. We pretend to recognise the sanctity of human life—but has not the animal as indefeasible a right to its body as a human being. Life is a unity manifesting through countless myriad forms, which serve the divine purpose in evolution, and it is highly probable that we thwart the divine purpose as much by killing the animal form as we do the human. Accepting the authority of Isaiah (66-3): "He that killeth an ox is as if he slew a man." The question is whether we are going to apply the prin-

ciple of brotherhood horizontally to the human kingdom alone, or vertically so as to include the sub-human kingdom below us and the superhuman above us, whether we should not include all God's creatures in the onward sweep of evolution. When God lavished on Adam the bounties of the Garden of Eden He did not invite him to dine on the animals but solemnly adjured him: "I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of the earth, and every tree in which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed. To you it shall be for meat." (Gen. 1-29). Surely that definitely anticipates the injunction not to kill. We do respect the Commandments, more or less—oh yes. Many, many people refuse to eat what is killed. Innumerable more refuse to kill what they eat. But why be consistent? Consistency is the "hobgoblin of little minds," and we are all such great people!

Christmas Cheer for Unemployed

As an expression of practical brotherhood the General Manager of 2GB, Theosophical Broadcasting Station, and his staff are to be heartily congratulated on the splendid success of the Christmas Cheer for Unemployed Fund. From such a fine beginning we may expect greater things in future years. We take the following from Mr. Bennett's report:—

The management of Station 2GB extend their warmest thanks to the large body of listeners who made donations to the Fund which provided Christmas Cheer for Unemployed. Special thanks are given to organisers of entertainments and collectors. The Station raised in cash £368/11/5 and distributed £368/10/6. Some of the donations were not received till after Christmas but 2GB estimated and advanced the requisite amount so that the cheer could be distributed before Christmas.

Donations were sent in by about 1600 listeners, and seeing that some of these had raised money at entertainments, probably about 2000 persons contributed in cash. In addition there were numerous gifts in kind and clothing which were made up into parcels and distributed amongst 298 families. These goods included: 423 dolls,

567 books, 178 pairs boots and shoes, 87 hats, 456 boys' toys, 45 cakes, 34 sets babies' clothes, 4 large dolls' houses, 124 tins of jam, 122 tins of fruit, 20 lbs. of sugar, 14 dozen eggs, 70 lbs. flour.

The cash donations were not handed out in cash, but orders on Mark Foy's were sent to 288 families for foodstuffs. Thus £369 was so divided as to bring joy into 288 homes.

Most of the applications for assistance were personally investigated by Mr. Clive Sands, Mr. George Saunders ("Uncle George") and Mr. E. L. Betts, of Hoyt's Theatres, who gave their time freely for this distressing work. Only two or three cases were found not to be cases of genuine need. The circumstances of many families assisted were heart-rending.

No deductions whatever were made from the Fund and the cost of organisation, office accommodation, postages, etc., which cost a very large sum, was borne entirely by Station 2GB.

Making Good Citizens

Brotherhood is the summation of the campaign for good citizenship which we have promoted in these columns and throughout the Section in the last six months, and every Theosophist in the Commonwealth is urged to propagand for brotherhood during February and right up to the time of Convention in April. Lodges might specialise on brotherhood in their lecture programmes, so that thoughts of brotherhood may be freely circulated in the mental ether. A synopsis for brotherhood follows, side by side with notes on culture:

BROTHERHOOD

Brotherhood a fact in Nature, and on this fact is based the Law of Brotherhood. If we work with the Law we prosper; if we work against it we fail. Brotherhood is expressed in the physical body, in the emotions, in the mind—become centres of health, of happiness, of kindness and tolerance to others. Brotherhood brings individuals and communities into industrial and intellectual co-operation. Brotherhood weaves golden strands between nations and in a mighty chain binds humanity into one. Enlarge individual brotherhood to nation brotherhood, Empire brotherhood, world brotherhood. To world brotherhood every smaller brotherhood unit must contribute harmonious life. We grow as we grow together. Emphasise League of Nations as the awakening of a world conscience. Strive

along the following lines:

In Religion.—To work for mutual goodwill and respect among all religions and among the various denominations.

In Education.—To make "education for civic duty" the main objective of the educational course.

In Industry.—To foster in all possible ways Australia's home industries—primary and secondary—and work to the end of happy co-operation between the workers who employ and the workers who are employed.

In Politics.—To secure: The entry of the best men and women into the Legislatures irrespective of party. The predominance of Australia's interests over party interests. Inter-party co-operation wherever possible. Dignity, honour, courtesy and selfishness as the essentials of political life.

In Culture.—To foster in all possible ways a distinctive Australian culture in the arts and sciences. To cleanse amusement of vulgarity. To promote creative leisure.

In all things recognise the brotherhood of all that lives, the unity of the human with the sub-human and superhuman kingdoms, so that all kingdoms shall move forward together, hand in hand. Get a vertical view of the kingdoms as well as a horizontal. Work for "a more benevolent intermingling of the high and the low," not only in humanity but also with the lower orders. Diminish the autocracy of right and increase the democracy of right. Envisage the goal which the Master K.H. has pointed out: "One universal feeling, the only true and holy, the only unselfish and eternal one—Love, an Immense Love, for humanity as a whole. For it is humanity which is the great orphan, the only disinherited one upon this earth, my friend. And it is the duty of every man who is capable of an unselfish impulse to do something; however little, for its welfare." (The Occult World).

THE PROBLEM OF CULTURE.

Culture is the harmony of the whole nature, the full play of the higher impulses, the spiritual aptitudes and possibilities. Knowledge may deal with abstractions and unrelated facts, but culture must fasten on and correlate those things which are significant in a spiritual order. Life must be oriented to spiritual purposes, to the pursuit of truth. The knowledge of truth, of the self in the larger sense, is precisely the knowledge which "ripens and clarifies us, which gives us sanity, repose, and power."

For Krishnamurti culture is the distinctive expression of the individual perception of truth. A cultured man is a "standard unto himself, a lamp unto himself," who casts no shadow across the path of another.

He must not ask anything from another, he must be dominated by truth, he must be tolerant, he must have no fear—fear of external authority, of the unknown, of superstitions, of traditions, of prejudice, of desires, of gods, because the truly cultured man is the highest form of spiritual attainment. "Such a man is simple, such a man is pure. He is clear and calm as the mountain in the morning, because he has arrived where he is absolutely free from all experience."

Krishnamurti's secret of liberation is the harmony of mind and emotion through constant awareness and self-recollection. This is the essence of culture; it is the essential greatness of men of genius, that inexplicable union of heart and mind which makes them sharers of the private life of the world, discerners of that which is hidden in individual experience, interpreters of men to themselves and to each other. They have arrived at complete self-consciousness.

Problem: To increase culture; to rear men and women of high attainment and disciplined powers, who will become the natural leaders of humanity on the path of evolution. By regulating study in schools and universities to fulfil the intellectual needs of the student and training the physical body as the instrument of the indwelling spirit; instead of intellectual specialisation, to level up the whole nature of the student to such a balanced and harmonious development of faculties and powers that his normal capacity will exceed the specialised capacities of today, and will be capable, when circumstances require, of being focussed in special directions without deprivation in other directions; the summation of such training is good character and its highest expression good citizenship. This line of education would eliminate the vulgarity of daily life, in the press, in the cinema houses, and cultivate appreciation of the good, the beautiful and the true. It would cultivate kindness, conciliation and patriotism; it would refine and sweeten and deepen the relations between the individual and other individuals in all the kingdoms of nature. Emphasise Theosophy as the synthesis of modern philosophical tendencies and the most humanising, spiritualising and cultural influence in the world today.

Who seeks for heaven alone to save
his soul
May keep the path, but will not reach
the goal;
While he who walks in love may wander far,
Yet God will bring him where the
blessed are.

Telaga Warna

By the Rt. Rev. C. W. Leadbeater

(From the first number of the President's
Adyar Theosophist.)

Three Initiates stood on the brink of a lonely pool. Far from all human habitation—the nearest being a small group of huts used by a few uncultured labourers working upon a vast plantation—the whole place was steeped in the marvellous pregnant silence of the tropical noon. It seemed as though all the world lay dozing in the glow of that splendid sunlight, waiting to waken to a more active life when the cool dews of evening should descend upon the expectant earth.

This tiny lake is on the shoulder of a mountain; it is surrounded and shut in by noble trees, but not far away, through a break in the forest, one can look out over miles of undulating plain with little sign of human occupation. A road passes within easy reach of this magic spot, but travellers are few, and the deep peace of the district is but rarely disturbed by the uncouth gruntings of a climbing motor.

This pool is of no great size—perhaps not much more than a hundred yards across; it is what in Scotland would be called a tarn: the peasants regard it as a sacred lake, and it lies like a lovely gem in the green setting of the forest trees. On the opposite side of it there rises abruptly an almost perpendicular cliff, probably seven or eight hundred feet in height, just not too steep to be clothed with a perfect curtain of trees and bushes—a wonderful and most beautiful hill-side. The water is absolutely still, sheltered and unruffled.

It should be—it *is* now—a scene of uttermost peace, a haven of calm for a troubled spirit; but at the time of the visit of the Brothers of whom I spoke there was about it a curious feeling of

unrest, of long-enduring melancholy and remorse, hoping for relief, yet hardly daring to expect it. Looking round for the source of this strange sadness, our Brethren found that it emanated from the Spirit of the Lake, who was a Devi—that is to say, a spirit with a distinctly feminine appearance. We know that in the Deva kingdom there is nothing corresponding to sex as we know it on the physical plane, but assuredly some Angels have a virile and essentially masculine aspect, while others look just as definitely feminine, and this is one of the type last-mentioned.

The Brethren felt very strongly that she was waiting for something—waiting rather hopelessly, and with a sickening sense of intense regret. Our Brothers watched her very closely for a few moments, and one said to another:

"For whom is she waiting? It cannot be for us, though I thought at first that it was."

"No," replied the other; "but she has done something—something that makes her very sad, and she hoped for a moment that we had come to put it right."

They were all conscious that there was a very fine and a very kindly Deva on the summit of that steep hill-side just across the pool, and that he was watching over the Lake-Spirit's trouble with great solicitude and tenderness. Naturally, our Brethren expressed the deepest sympathy, and asked as delicately as possible what was the matter, and whether there was anything they could do to help.

In response the Lake-Spirit thanked them rather wearily, and brought be-

fore them a succession of scenes—which, you know, is a Deva's way of telling a story, a sort of astral and mental cinematograph—from which our friends acquired the outline of her tale of woe.

It seems that that country had long ago been for centuries under very evil influences connected with Atlantean black magic; later there had been an Aryan invasion which introduced great improvements in religious matters, but for a long period both forms of belief and practice existed simultaneously, and even now in the twentieth century relics of the more ancient faith are to be found in remote places, as I can personally testify.

There was a time, not so very long ago, when the land was parcelled out among a number of petty Aryan chieftains or rajas, whose dominions were in many cases hardly larger than the more modern German Grand Duchies, but these distinctly minor kings were (softly be it spoken) just as proud and arrogant as though they had been Chakravartins—the rulers of mighty empires! There were also living in the country descendants of the old Atlantean royal race, who were still deeply venerated by the peasants, but were of course despised with truly Aryan intolerance by the scions of the conquering race.

It appears that once upon a time the son of the local Raja had the bad taste (from his father's point of view) to fall in love with one of these Atlantean princesses—not a bad-looking person by any means, and of very kindly and affectionate disposition. Of course the Aryan father behaved as fathers so often do under such circumstances; he would not hear of such a marriage at any price, and fell into a violent fury; so the unhappy young people ran away together in the best traditional manner, with the avenging parent hot-foot upon their trail, breathing all kinds of fire and slaughter. The lovers fled in great disorder, and just

when they came into the neighbourhood of the lake the lady began to feel faint, in the inappropriate way which Victorian ladies frequently adopted at critical moments; and so the irate father overtook them, or at least was in sight and on the point of doing so.

The Devi of the Lake seems to have been at that time an inexperienced person, young at her work. She knew quite enough of Atlantean centres and methods to be aware that there were spirits in connection with other lakes and woods who made an obscene sort of livelihood by receiving sacrifices and inducing people either to drown themselves or to throw their enemies into a lake, as the case might be; and she seems to have felt a kind of envy of the power gained by these foul entities, or at any rate a strong curiosity to try an experiment, and see whether black magic was really quite as dreadful as the Deva on the hill-top had always said it was.

So just when the young couple were full of despair she impressed upon their minds a very powerful suggestion that they should throw themselves into the lake, thus dying together and ending all their troubles. Under their desperate circumstances the idea commended itself to the half-crazy lovers, and in a few moments the tragedy was over, and the father was left weeping upon the bank, like Lord Ullin in the Scottish version of a very similar story:

"Come back, come back," he cried in grief

Across the stormy water,

"And I'll forgive thy Highland chief,

"My daughter! O my daughter!"

The Spirit of the Lake shrank back in horror, realizing in a moment the awful result of her unhallowed desires; and she had been mourning about it ever since, not knowing what to do in the way of atonement. It seemed to do her some good to tell her story, or at least to exhibit it in a series of pictures; and the Brethren did their best to comfort her, explaining that the past *was* past and could not be recalled,

and that the only thing to do now was to try to make some kind of compensation by radiating peace and goodwill upon all those who came to visit this lonely spot. They then gave her the Blessing of the Brotherhood and exchanged courteous greetings with the Deva of the hilltop, who thanked them very heartily for what they had done.

A few months later the Brethren visited the Lake again, and were delighted to find that a great change had taken place in the condition of affairs. The Deva and Devi are now in much closer friendship than before, and are therefore able to do much better work for the ruling Angel of the whole mountain, who is a very great person, and one of the principal lieutenants of the Deva-King of that country—its

national Angel. So the apparently casual help given to the attendant Spirit of a small and lonely lake has had far-reaching and important results.

I have heard since that that little pool is called Telaga Warna, and I am told that Telaga means lake, and that Warna is a corruption of the Sanskrit *varna*, which means colour or caste—because originally the different castes were distinguished by the fact that the Aryan had intermarried with various lower races, and so there was between them an actual distinction of colour. As the whole point of the story depends upon the father's horror of an intermarriage between different castes and different religions, it seems to me that we have a kind of indirect reference to that story in this popular name.

—C.W.L.

Advance Australia News Service

The letter reproduced below has gone the round of the Australian papers. Replies to our letter of December 4th indicate that over one hundred journals are printing our articles, and that the news we supply is genuinely appreciated. There are probably as many others who are influenced by our News Service who have not acknowledged it.

ADVANCE AUSTRALIA NEWS SERVICE..

29 Bligh Street, Sydney.

January 4th, 1930.

To the Australian Press—

We are gratified to learn, in response to our letter of December 4th, that our weekly news budget is widely appreciated throughout the Commonwealth. Many papers insert the whole newsletter every week under one heading, acknowledging it to us. Others use separate paragraphs in various parts of the paper, including leader columns, without quoting us. It does not matter. You are welcome to use the service, whole or part, with or without acknowledgement. It is a free service entirely at the disposal of the individual editor. We are well content to see the ideas of patriotism and service of Australia for which we stand circulating

among the Australian people. Our aim is to advance Australia's interests in every department of Australian life, and to arouse an ardent belief in Australia's great future. The trouble with Australia is that the average citizen does not put Australia first, and not until he does shall we shake off the stranglehold which his apathy and indifference have enabled the Russian emissaries to put over us—we shall have strikes and super-strikes, Rothburys and super-Rothburys, turmoil and unrest without end instead of peace, happiness and prosperity. The reign of terror on the coalfields is the product of the Russian virus—it has brought Australia to her knees, and we must rouse the individual citizen to shake off the terror and lift Australia to her feet. Only incessant hammering at the ideal of patriotism will bring Australia through her present crisis—not jingo patriotism but deep love of country, putting Australia first and maintaining an attitude of practical and constructive idealism towards its national problems. *Economic patriotism* is the practical solution, and we must in mutual service hammer and hammer and hammer on that anvil. That is the line we are developing at the moment.

The Advance Australia News Service has no axe to grind except the Australian axe. It is dedicated to the commonweal. It is a gift to the Commonwealth by the Theo-

sophical Society, which stands fundamentally for brotherhood and which applies brotherhood to practical affairs through the journal *Advance! Australia* and Theosophical publications, which set up 2GB Radio Station, and which works through numerous other channels for Australia's advancement.

It would take too much space to cite appreciations of our newsletters. They include congratulations on our efforts to advance Australia, on the literary style and high tone of the articles, and the "general excellence of your contributions." A metropolitan daily finds the matter "inspiring and helpful to working journalists." In two places the articles have been commented upon in the pulpits. To one editor the newsletter comes like manna in the wilderness, to another pleasantly, like a shower of rain in times of drought. These appreciations hearten us for yet greater and more devoted service to our country. To all Editors we wish the Season's greetings, may it be a happy New Year for all of us, and above all may peace and goodwill reign in Australia.

J. L. DAVIDGE,

Editor *Advance Australia News Service*.

Among many pleasing appreciations are the following:—

"Your articles have been most helpful. Many have provided me with the starting point of leading articles."

"We accept it gratefully as a miracle no less than eating manna in the wilderness."

"We hope you will long be spared to continue the good work in the cause to which you have devoted yourself."

"We thoroughly appreciate the merit of your news."

"We are with you in your ambition to advance Australia."

"I am much taken with your broad outlook."

"These articles are freely and frequently commented upon, and have also been referred to in the local pulpits. Sermons have been based on some of the contributions."

"Very acceptable and much sought for by our readers."

"We much appreciate the matter you send, which is inspiring and helpful to working journalists." (Metropolitan daily).

"We have at times 'leadered' some of your articles. One particularly—'Great Problems'—was commented upon a good deal here, the rector of St. Peter's Church of England quoting from it in one of his sermons after we published it."

"We appreciate the literary style of the matter submitted." (Chamber of Commerce).

"We congratulate you on your efforts to advance Australia, a policy we advocate."

"Always glad to have it."

"Keenly interested in your excellent manuscript. . . . Virile thoughts." (Shipping Newspapers).

"I like the high tone of your copy."

"Congratulate you upon the general excellence of your contributions. If the idealistic principles which you are preaching were embraced by our people it would make for a better and happier country."

"Anything that we use appears in the whole series of publications issuing from this office."

"Bright, newsy and up-to-date."

"We are glad to receive your budget of news and comment, which we regard as being on a high level. It comes pleasantly, like a shower of rain in times of drought."

"Your circular impels me to add my testimony to the charm of your literary style, the general high tone of your subject matter and the wide catholicity of your range."

In one issue of a country paper at Christmas time appeared five columns of News Service articles, distributed through its pages, including a column editorial concerning Krishnamurti. None of these articles were acknowledged to us. Another paper received by the same mail printed three columns, including "The Present Situation" and "Australians for Australia" under a three column heading "Advance Australia News Service" and a decorative streamer of eight Australian flags.

BROTHERHOOD

*O give to me an outlook calm, serene,
To lift my soul above the petty care of
life,*

*So that with ever gracious, kindly mien,
I may crush out the smould'ring spark that
leads to strife.*

*Help me to say the word that soothes a friend,
To be responsive to his joyfulness or pain;
Sweet thoughts of help to him in need to
send,*

*Regardless always of myself—my happiness,
my gain.*

*Help me to be a brother to the least;
To feel compassion for the toiling souls
below;*

*Of Universal Love to be a priest,
My heart a channel through which God's
love may flow.*

—A. B. CROWTHER.

* * *

The hunger for brotherhood is at the bottom of the unrest of the modern civilised world.—G. F. Watts.

Gods In My Pantheon

By G.S.A.

From time to time it is well for us to review ourselves, to take stock of ourselves, to note the rate at which we are travelling, to take heed of excursions into blind-alleys, to gauge, without pride, either of appreciation or of depreciation, the state of our weaknesses and of our powers.

It is best to do most of these things in private. The world is not altogether to be trusted. It dearly loves gossip. It revels in exaggeration. It has an unholy appetite for the malicious. And its tongue and pen are for the most part not a little uncontrolled. To lay bare the soul before the world is to offer it to be trodden upon by very callous feet and torn to pieces by very callous hands. By all means lay the soul bare, even to such desecration, if the world is in the long run to be helped thereby. But, as a rule, let the review be in secret; for the soul is a holy thing, and no gloating and irreverent eyes may be cast upon it save for great purposes. Yet there are sometimes certain features of such a review to which publicity is owing, as an act of duty to himself by the reviewer, as an act of homage, as an act of service to the world.

As I, for example, review myself, certain outstanding landmarks emerge the nature of which I feel it my duty, to myself, to the landmarks themselves, and to the world, to set forth, to proclaim.

My first landmark is Madame H. P. Blavatsky. This landmark is misty in the distance, for I was very young indeed when I knew her. But out of the mist comes the strong sense of her exquisite tenderness to a little child, and of a strange and wondrous strength which then I could not understand, yet to which I thrilled even as a child, though unconsciously. She has left upon me an ineffaceable memory—of power, of tenderness; and I seem to

know her now full well, counting myself among those who bow before her in reverence and gratitude. Where would be the happiness and peace and purpose of countless Theosophists but for her unfaltering heroism in guarding against the vandalism of the ignorant the priceless gift of Theosophy of which the Great Givers of Good Things made her the bearer into the modern world?

My second landmark is Bishop Leadbeater. He also is a figure in my youth, since in this outer world I have known him, loved him, revered him, for over forty years. To him I owe very much of aught worthwhile in me. And three special gifts have come to me from his hands: presentation to a Great Teacher, occult training, and the supreme importance of coldly accurate impersonality in the search for, and in the presentation of, Truth. I owe to him the setting of my feet on the Probationary Path, and I pray that as I travel along that mighty Highway I may ever cherish him in deepest love and gratitude. Many other gifts have come to me from him—among them a wonderful example of humility and understanding, among them the example of a unique purity of life, unique, I make bold to assert, in all the world. But the three gifts I have specially singled out are, I think, my most precious treasures from his dear hands.

My third landmark is Dr. Annie Besant. When I was twenty-three years of age I met her for the first time in this life, and the moment my eyes gazed upon her I knew I should follow her and strive to serve her. What more can I say of her than that she has been to me the most wonderful of mothers, the most splendid of teachers, and the most marvellous of leaders? Indeed is she an Oriflamme to go before me and inspire me, and now after twenty-

eight years by her side the mere thought of her thrills me to the depths, and I pray that I may be unceasingly loyal to her in all things, and grow ever worthier of her priceless and constant benediction. These phrases may sound exaggerated to any who do not know all she has been to me these many, many years. Yet they represent but feebly the glow of my grateful love and homage. As Bishop Leadbeater has led me to the Feet of a Master, so did Dr. Besant make me fit to stand in such a Presence and has guided my footsteps ever since.

My fourth landmark is Mr. Krishnamurti. For twenty years I have had the privilege of his friendship, and in his earlier youth he stood beside me and promised to help me as I was presented for admission to that great White Brotherhood which is the Inner Government of the world, and lives through all Eternity. Dearest of friends he was. Dearest of friends he still is. Today I marvel at his piercing fieriness and at his complete self-identification with the Word he utters for the world. That which he proclaims he *is*. I dare say nothing of the apparently different ways he and I at present follow, for what I would say must needs be misunderstood. I love him with my whole heart, as I hope he knows.

My fifth landmark is Rukmini, beloved and revered comrade in this, and I am sure in many another, phase of the Great Adventure. From such comradeship I have profited more than words can tell. Her strength and purity, her deep wisdom, her extraordinary asceticism—at once aloof, Himalayan, yet touchingly personal, her simplicity; all these and many another jewel of character have, I venture to believe, helped me immensely forward. Surely she knows all she is to me. I think I know.

My sixth landmark is Bishop Wedgwood, to whom I owe entry into my beloved Church, to whom I owe the wondrous contact with our Lord the

Christ expressed in the outer world in the priesthood and in the episcopate, and in whose strong and unfailing friendship I exceedingly rejoice. Maligned, slandered and libelled he is by the ignorant and evil-minded. I know him, and wherever I may I repel the slanderer of his great name. Some day he will be held by all the world in reverence and gratitude. Today an ever-increasing number follow him in splendid loyalty.

So far my landmarks have been personal. Let me disclose some impersonal landmarks. First and foremost, the great Theosophical Society, of which I am proud to have been a member for thirty-five years. This Society is the Keystone of that Arch of Brotherhood which some day shall span the world. And my prayer is that I may ever remain a tiny fragment in that stone. Then the Esoteric School of Theosophy, Co-Masonry, the Order of the Star, the Liberal Catholic Church—placing these great landmarks in the order in which I met them on this particular journey on the great High Way.

Other types of landmark are the great Commonwealth of Nations called the British Empire, and specifically India and Australia. To these great Organisms I owe more than I can express in words, especially to the world's true Motherland—India.

Such are among my landmarks. Each one I treasure. Each one has an honoured place in the shrine of my heart. And I treasure too the many, many friends and comrades who have stood shoulder to shoulder with me in the service of the world's great Kings. I remember them all and love them all.

Yet what are even these cherished landmarks compared with that Light of which each one is but a reflection? What are even these compared with our mighty Elders, the Just Men made Perfect, the Ever-Shining Suns of Glory, and with Him Who is the King of all? To these my supreme reverence, for in Their Strength I shall some day do all things.

The Power of the Air

By the Rev. F. H. Aldhouse

(The author gives the name and address of the person who related the following story, who lives at Folkstone, England, and who guarantees its truth.—Ed.)

"I have consulted the medical faculty and they have nothing to say, except that I am perfectly fit and normal," said the air pilot. "Now I should like to hear what the church has got to say."

"If you will tell me exactly what the Church has to pronounce an opinion on," I answered, "I will give you an answer if I am able. There are things there is no answer to."

"Very well, Padre," replied the air pilot, "now for it. I and my observer both saw what I am about to describe, so it will not do to call me temporarily mad. No one would call either of us mad who knows us, and even if we were we would not both have suffered from precisely the same delusions at the same moment. We both saw the things, and they were ugly things and unusual things, not easily invented by an imagination healthy or the reverse. And now I will spin my yarn.

"We were flying at a high altitude and got mixed up in a thunderstorm, a nervy thing I admit to happen, but I was not unused to similar events. In the air one must prepare for anything, there are ordinary storms, vertical storms, air pockets, and the hundred-and-one things that can happen to intricate machinery. We are chosen as being pretty stolid; and free from any kind of balmyness. So I did not bother to go into the question of what would happen if lightning struck us; after all it really wouldn't matter in a manner of speaking. I mean to say the first thing I should know about it would be that I was wearing a long white robe, and having a harp in my hands, and a pair of wings on my back. The wings would be jolly fine things to

have, but the harp I should have to exchange for a trumpet, or some other kind of tooter, for I can't play a note, but I could blow all right on any kind of horn, and I don't know 'God save the Weasel' from 'Pop goes the King'—it's the other way about, of course, but the principles are the same. Well, I was engaged in the various movements which would enable us to get well above the clouds when suddenly the first of the air porpoises introduced itself."

"My dear man," I said, "air porpoises? What on earth can you be talking about, do you mean a kind of air disturbance, or some new sort of bird, or what?"

"You may well ask, Padre" replied the pilot, "but it is up to you to give the answer, for it's more than I can. When I say air porpoises I mean animals, or creatures of some description, that had all the appearance of porpoises, that rolled and jumped like them, but were variegated in colour, and were the most evil looking, right down vicious beasts I ever set eyes on—and were floating in the air. Well, the fuss came suddenly, almost athwart us, making me swerve to avoid the collision to such an extent we nearly had a nose dive.

"He came rolling just like a porpoise does, and I believe he was curious as to what we were as a porpoise is, but porpoises are friendly brutes in their way, this blighter wasn't. His two evil swine-like eyes, literally and actually, shot rays of red fire; if I ever saw hatred I saw it then. I had avoided impact with him by my sudden swoop, but I felt our number was up. He was in his own element, he

would make a charge I should never escape. I could only hope he would kill himself, and his carcase might come in useful to the comparative anatomists. As for us, if we fell the whole mile all that would be needed would be a broom to sweep us together, and a hole somewhere in a cemetery to bury us in.

"Well, I'm here, so the tumble didn't happen. For while the air porpoise was radiating anger, hatred, and all uncharitableness on us, out floated a whole menagerie of his brothers and sisters. The whole bunch of them came round us, cavorting, twisting and nose-diving. They were not only beastly ugly, but hateful and hostile. They had red light in their eyes; it was red fire, not glaring fiery but the thing itself, they would have made a positive blaze of light had it been night, indeed they seemed to me to be semi-luminous all over.

"I tried to avoid an impact but the crowd was too thick for that. I charged right into them, and I thought to myself—'Good-bye sweet light, we'll hit the ground before we know what has happened.' But do you know, Padre, they had no substance! We went clean through them, disintegrating them like wafts of mist, but instantly they re-formed and came round us again with grunts of impotent fury. And then down I simply dropped, straight down, as straight, short of falling sheer, as I was able to do. I know now that there is some limit to 'John Willy,' as I named the first porpoise, and his companions. For they left us after we were about 1,000 feet down, the thicker air near earth cannot be healthy for them; thank God. I believe we passed other creatures, tenuous and unnatural, but not unfriendly, like the porpoise beasts, as we made our dive. I never was more thankful to make a landing.

"When I got down I compared notes with my observer, he saw just what I saw. I spoke to 'Pills,' our doctor, he said I was perfectly right as to

brain and nerves. Now what have you got to say?"

"It has always been believed from the earliest times that the four visible elements, earth, air, water and fire are each inhabited by beings much less material than we are, but none the less having bodies though of much finer matter than ours. These creatures are undines in water, sylphs in air, gnomes in earth, and salamanders in the fire—they have other names in other philosophies. These have endless subdivisions. In my country, I suppose you have heard, we believe that high up are very evil beings, called 'demons of the air.' I will spare you the Celtic word, as you do not speak our sweet Irish tongue. If you will read any good translation of our Irish Bardic tales, Mrs. Hutton's *Tain Bo Cullaigne* (pronounced Tawn Bo Hullaïne, the Cattle raid of Colley) for instance, or Ella Young's *Celtic Wonder Tales* you will read about our beliefs on that subject. That such Things have very different and much more subtle bodies than earthly creatures need not surprise you. Look at the jelly fish, his transparent body is not much more than solidified froth, and yet his life is as true a one as any other creature's. Embryo fish are quite transparent, you can see them lash about in their translucent eggs, and with a magnifying glass you can see their blood circulate and their hearts beat.

"The air porpoise are just one degree more immaterial than these beings which we know. There is a Bishop, Charles Webster Leadbeater, a most wonderful man, who has described all you have spoken of and says high up the creatures are hostile, down low, friendly. He is the Presiding Bishop of a branch of the church called Liberal Catholic, and is clairvoyant, in other words his faculties are keyed up a point or two above other people's. And as we all experience every perception by vibration, he can distinguish finer vibrations than ordinary people can. If you read his books, and he is a charm-

ing writer, you will know a great deal more about this world we live in, and even the other world, called the Astral, which is nearest to our own, and of which your porpoise 'John Willie' and his kind are the normal inhabitants."

"Thank you, padre, I will read those books," said the air pilot. "I expected a theological discourse, and you have talked like a good scout instead. Please tell me the names of the books and their publisher."

I gave him the required information, and tell his story which is true word for word as told to me.

* * *

Bishop Leadbeater, describing his first aeroplane journey—from Brisbane to Toowoomba—writes (*The Australian Theosophist*, August 15, 1928):

"The air spirits seemed to hail us with riotous joy; they clustered around us and circled at our prow just as I have often seen dolphins behave round the bows of a steamer. We were flying at a very fair speed, but these creatures circled round us with the utmost ease, as though they did not feel the air pressure at all. They gave me the impression of being extremely friendly and well-disposed, and did not in the slightest degree resent our intrusion upon their domain. Curiously enough, however, caught sight of some other creatures higher up—much higher up—who seemed by no means so friendly. They were of immense size and looked somehow far more mate than the sylphs. They were curiously sullen in appearance, and I rather wondered what sort of reception they would have given us if we had risen into their immediate neighbourhood. I did not much like the look of them; they reminded me uncomfortably of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's powerful story 'The Horror of the Heights.' But after all they may have been quite harmless, though sulky."

William Blake, in a much quoted letter, used these words:—"I am more famed in heaven for my works than I could well conceive. In my brain are studies and chambers filled with books and pictures, which I wrote and painted in ages of eternity before my mortal life, and these works are the delight and study of archangels."

THE THEOSOPHIST'S DUTY

By Bishop Leadbeater in Talks on "At the Feet of the Master."

Any work whatsoever which promotes the existence and well-being of a society like this, which exists for the purpose of spreading the truth, is very emphatically and directly the Master's work.

It has come to us to know and understand Theosophy. That, therefore, is the great talent which is put into our hands for use. If we do nothing with it—nothing for others, I mean—if we simply hug it to ourselves and enjoy all it has brought in the way of freedom from worry and trouble, comprehension of difficult problems and so on, then we are exactly like the man in the Bible who folded up his talent and buried it.

I suppose you can hardly realize how many people are reasonably near the position where they might make rapid progress if only they could be awakened to it. . . . I see boys and girls by the scores almost, in any country, who would make good progress along theosophical lines if the thing could only be put before them. It is not, of course. They plunge over into the ordinary workaday life. . . . and they will go on being good people of the ordinary type for twenty or thirty incarnations; . . . they are capable of taking it up, they could be interested in it if it were properly put before them. Surely that state of affairs throws a serious responsibility upon Theosophists.

GO YOUR OWN WAY

Be very happy, not in spite of difficulties but because of them.

Be greatly at peace, not in spite of storms but because of them.

Live very ardently, no matter how much at variance with the modes of life of your surroundings, so that you live to the farthest limits of your truth and are ever groping beyond such limits.

Live very generously, so that those around you love your comradeship though they may be at variance with your modes of living.

Live very watchfully, so that you miss no opportunities of profiting from the life within and without you, remembering at all times that such life is for your understanding and for your service.

Live very silently, speaking through action rather than through the tongue. Avoid argument, save where you have reasonable assurance that it will be helpful and constructive.

Go your own way and mind your own business respectfully.

**"AND SO SHALL AUSTRALIA
BE !"**

Look up in the night and see
A Cross in the sky above—
The Cross of Eternity
The Cross of Christ's splendid Love.
Look up in the night and see.

Look round in the day and see.
Beneath that great Cross a Land—
A Land that shall some day be
By Rainbows of Glory spanned.
Look round in the day and see.

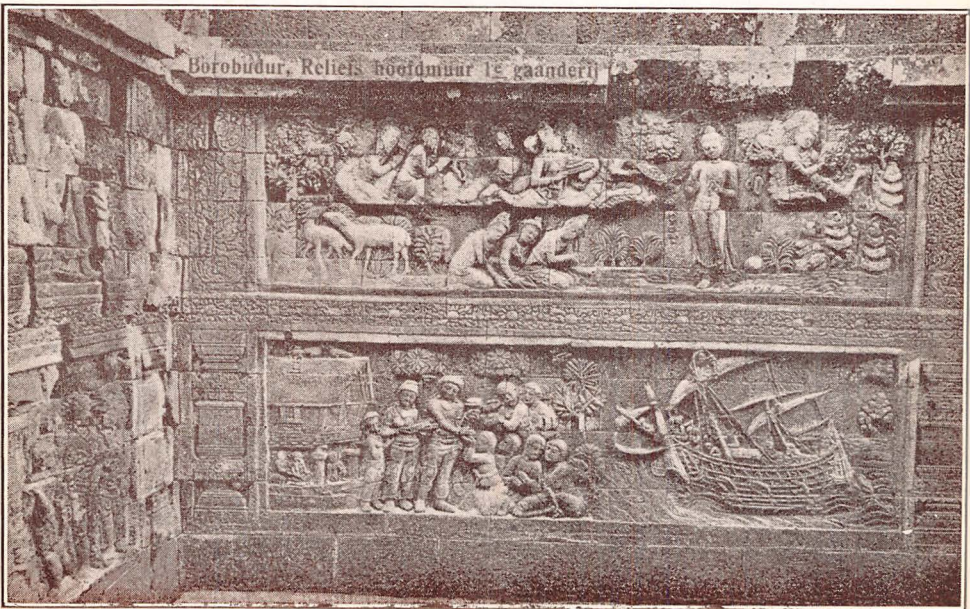
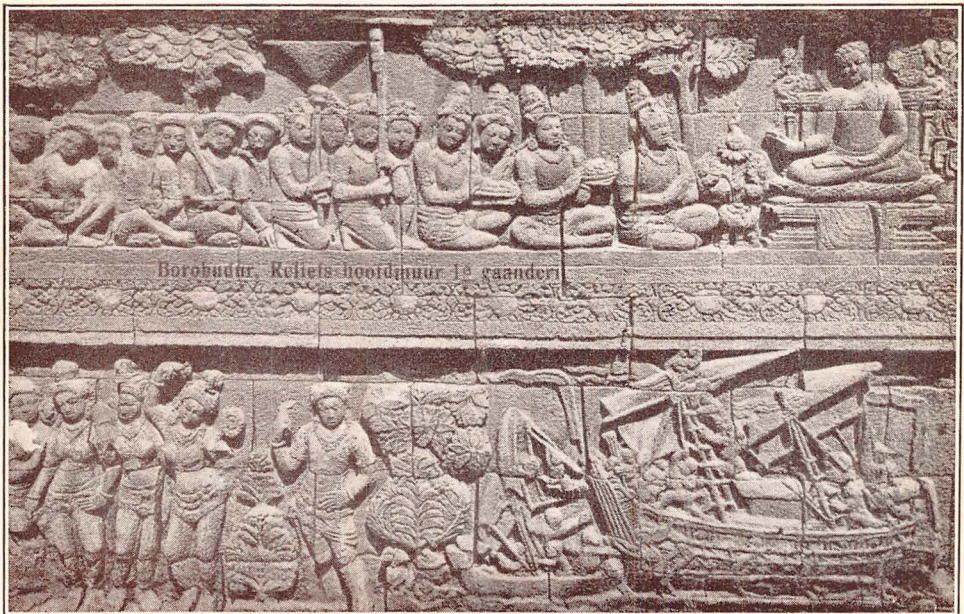
His Cross pours down Rays Divine
In colours of gorgeous hue,
To bend from your heart to mine
A Rainbow afire and true.
Rejoice in the Rays Divine !

Each heart in the land below
Is shadow of Cross above.
And Cross in each heart shall glow
With Light from the Cross of Love.
Glow ! Hearts in the land below.

Thus surely each heart shall be
A Glory of living Light
Sunlike in its Majesty
Sunblest in its colours bright
Shine ! Glory of living Light.

And so shall Australia be—
As hearts become like the Sun—
A Land of the glad and free,
A Land where all Life is one.
And so shall Australia be !

Bishop Arundale.



BAS-RELIEFS AT BOROBUDUR

Borobudur

II.

HISTORY.

By the Rt. Rev. C. W. Leadbeater

The early history of Java appears to be wrapped in mystery. From reading most of the books written in English on the subject one would infer that the island was entirely unknown to the rest of the world until it was visited by the Chinese pilgrim Fa Hien in the year 412 A.D.; and even after that there are at intervals gaps of several centuries which it seems at present impossible to fill by any ordinary means. Ruins are plentiful, but scarcely any of them are more than 1200 years old, and very few records or inscriptions have been preserved. Certain traditions have been handed down among the princely Javanese families; but even those become distinctly apocryphal as we follow them back to the beginning of the Christian era, and beyond that they are mere incredible legends. Perhaps that need not surprise us, for after all we can trace the history of England no further!

By calling in the aid of clairvoyance we can of course carry our investigations back indefinitely, but for our present purpose it will suffice to try to examine the conditions existing in the country somewhere about 2000 B.C. Long before that these islands had been an Atlantean colony, but when Atlantis broke up they became a separate State, which passed through many vicissitudes as the ages rolled on. This part of the world has long been an area of vigorous volcanic activity, which has not even now entirely died out, as is witnessed by the tremendous eruption of Krakatau in 1883, which killed 35,000 people, and caused a 50-ft. tidal wave which travelled as far as Cape Horn, 7818 miles away, and even affected the level of the river Thames, besides throwing out so enormous a volume of dust that it rose to

a height of two hundred miles and provided the whole world with phenomenally beautiful sunsets for two years thereafter.

In prehistoric times these islands were still part of the continent of Asia. At the present time the Java Sea is only 200 ft. deep, and the continuation of the channels cut by the rivers of Sumatra and Borneo may still be traced at the bottom of this comparatively shallow sheet of water. Even up to the year 915 A.D. the islands of Java and Sumatra were one, and it was an eruption of Krakatau in that year that broke them asunder and created the Strait of Sunda. Outbreaks on such a scale as this frequently devastated whole kingdoms, and had a serious influence upon the history of the country.

Black Magic from Atlantis

The colonists from Atlantis in the very early days had brought with them the dark and evil religion of their country, and as time rolled on its hold upon the people became ever stronger and more pernicious. It was based entirely upon fear, as are all these gloomy faiths; they worshipped cruel and abominable deities, who required constant propitiation by human sacrifice, and they lived ever under the shadow of a ghastly tyranny from which no escape was possible.

They were ruled at the time to which I now refer by a dynasty of chiefs or kings, each of whom, like the Pharaoh of Egypt, was at the same time the high-priest of the religion; and among these priest-kings we find one who was specially earnest and fanatical in his awful faith. So far as can be seen in a brief examination, there seems no reason to doubt that his belief in these

horrors was quite genuine; he had a kind of love for this fair land of Java, and he really thought that only by the perpetuation of his appalling scheme of blood sacrifices (which, however, were human only once a week, except on certain special festivals !) could his country be saved from utter destruction at the hands of the spiteful and bloodthirsty deities who were supposed to manifest their anger in frequent volcanic eruptions. Poor fellow, he was under the direct inspiration of the Darker Powers, but of course he was quite unaware of that, and probably regarded himself as a patriot !

He was a man of great power and inflexible determination, and having worked out his terrible plan of sacrifice, he resolved to ensure as far as he could that it should be continued throughout the ages yet to come. To that end he worked a most elaborate system of magic, throwing by a tremendous and long-continued effort of his will a kind of spell upon the island—laying it under a curse, as it were, that while his will held, the offering of the sacrifices should never fail. The result of his action may still be seen both etherically and astrally, in the shape of a vast dark cloud hovering low over the island, just not sufficiently material to be visible to ordinary physical eyesight, but very nearly so. And this malign cloud has the curious appearance of being “pegged down” at certain definite spots, so that it may not drift away.

These spots were of course specially magnetized by him for that purpose; they are nearly always coincident with the craters of the various volcanoes, presumably because these outlets are usually inhabited by a peculiar type of nature-spirits of marvellous tenacity, looking strangely like animated bronze images—a type which is specially susceptible to the kind of influence which he was using, and capable of retaining and reinforcing it for an indefinite period. Naturally also the Darker Powers whom, however unconsciously,

he was serving took care to give his scheme such support as they could; and thus it comes that his cloud is still in evidence even in the present day, though with far less than its ancient power.

An Aryan Invasion

The inhabitants of Java are a very mixed race—in fact, a conglomeration of races, but all having on the whole a preponderance of Atlantean blood. They were therefore in those earlier days under the jurisdiction of the Lord Chakshusha Manu; but He, being highly dissatisfied with the conditions then existing here, arranged with the Lord Vaivasvata to send down a series of waves of Aryan immigration into the country in the hope of bringing about an improvement. The earliest of these waves with which my investigations have brought me into contact was somewhere about 1200 B.C., though I think that there had been previous efforts; but neither of them nor of this inflow does any definite tradition now remain among the royal archives.

These Hindu invaders seem to have come first as peaceful traders, settling on the coast and gradually forming themselves into small independent commercial States; but in process of time their power greatly increased, and they eventually became the dominant section of the mixed community, so that they were able to impose their laws and their ideals upon the earlier inhabitants. Their religion was Hinduism, though not perhaps of the purest type; but it was at least an enormous improvement upon what had preceded it here. One would have expected those of the older faith to welcome with enthusiasm any theory that would deliver them from its horrors; but as a matter of fact they do not seem to have taken kindly to the complicated ceremonies offered to them, and though under the new regime the foul and ghastly ancient rites were strictly forbidden, they were still extensively

practised in secret. The new government suspected this, but feared to make a really determined effort to enforce its unpopular decrees; so the sacrifices were by no means eliminated, though they had to be offered surreptitiously.

Superstition always dies hard, and the more cruel and loathsome it is, the more tenaciously do its votaries cling to it. Hinduism remained the official religion of the country, but more and more as the centuries rolled on did the old devil-worship re-assert itself, until its votaries scarcely troubled to conceal their nefarious practices, and the actual condition of the common people was very little better than before the invasion.

This being so, the Lord Vaivasvata decided to make another effort, so He inspired the celebrated Indian ruler King Kanishka to send down an expedition to Java in the year 78 A.D. The leader of this new enterprise is known in the tradition of the country as Aji Saka, or sometimes Sakaji, and his name is still revered by all the well-read Javanese. He is credited by them with the final extirpation of cannibalism, the introduction (or perhaps rather the reassertion) of Hindu law and culture, of the caste system, of vegetarianism, of the Hindu epos and the Javanese script, which seems to be derived from the Devanagiri.

He, or (since he was an orthodox Hindu) more probably some of his officers, set up schools of Buddhism in both of its forms, the Hinayana and the Mahayana. The former seems to have prevailed for some time, but under the rule of the Shailendra Kings in the eighth century the latter school came into prominence, and eventually almost entirely superseded the Hinayana form. Buddhism was quickly and widely adopted in the island, but its followers and those of the Brahmanical religion seem to have lived side by side in perfect amity and tolerance.

Magnetic Centres

Sakaji was well aware of the work which he had been sent to do. It is related of him in local tradition that in seven places in the country he buried certain strongly magnetized objects in order to rid Java of evil influences, endeavouring thus to counteract the "pinning down" process of the Atlantean priest-king. In the Javanese language these evil-destroying charms are called *tumbal*, and the fact of their existence is well known among the country folk. Though some of the feats attributed to him (such as the removal of certain mountains, etc.) partake rather of the character of the labours of Hercules, he is very far from being merely a legendary figure, and he has set his mark in many ways upon the country which he ruled so firmly. He may not have moved the mountains, but he gave them the Sanskrit names by which they are still universally known today.

A mountain in the Japara district, said to be the oldest and originally the highest elevation in the island, was in earlier days identified with Mahameru, but Sakaji gave it the name of Mauriapada—the footprint of Morya. In his time it had already been extinct for ages, but secondary volcanic action was still in full swing. The Chinese annals of the period report especially a mud-fountain spouting heavenward to such a great height at Grobogan, south of the mountain, that sailors in the distant sea could see it and steer by it. Again, near Tuban (a word which means "welling up") the same annals mention a well several miles from the coast with so rich an outpouring of fresh water that the seawater for some distance is not at all salt, nor even brackish, but can be drunk with impunity.

Sakaji selected for the burial-place of the most important and the most powerful of his *tumbal* or talismans a certain low rounded eminence, the last of the range of hills which overlook

the river Prago—a spot which, whether by design or by mere coincidence, is very near to the central point of the whole island of Java as it is now—though of course in the time of Aji Saka its position was very far from central, as Java and Sumatra were then joined in one. Now Theosophical students are aware that each country has its own governing Deva, who superintends its development under the direction of the great Spiritual King who in our literature is often entitled the Lord of the World. This Deva watches over and as far as possible endeavours to guide the evolution of all the kingdoms of nature in his country—not the human only, but the animal, vegetable and even the mineral as well, including the vast host of the nature-spirits. He has under him a great number of subordinate Devas, each taking charge of a district, and under them in turn are younger and less experienced spirits, who are learning how to manage still smaller tracts—a wood, a lake, a hill-side.

The Presiding Deva

All these different types and levels of Angels live in their respective provinces, whether those provinces be large or small, and indeed they identify themselves with their territories in a way which is not very easy for human beings to comprehend; each may almost be said to ensoul his region, though it is also true that he has always within that region a particular spot which may be regarded as his special residence. A Deva who finds within his district a suitably-placed mountain or hill frequently selects that as the centre of his operations and makes it his home—as far as a pervading spirit can be said to have a home.

Now at the same time that our Lord the Manu arranged for the descent of Aji Saka upon what are now the Netherlands Indies, He also appointed a certain Deva to the office of spiritual superintendent of this most interesting group of islands. This presiding Deva

looked round his new province for a desirable residence, but found that practically all the mountains were already pre-empted by the minions of the Atlantean priest-king. How much Sakaji in his physical brain knew about this, to what extent he and the Deva consciously co-operated, I do not know; but the fact emerges that the Angel finally chose for his abode the same low rounded eminence in the depths of which the Aryan leader buried his strongest charm.

If we remember that that talisman had been specially magnetized for the purpose by the Manu Himself, and that the chosen Angel was one who stood high among the hosts of heaven, and had for that very reason been appointed to this particularly difficult position, we shall perhaps begin to realize what an unusual combination we have here, and what a tremendously powerful centre that low hill has become. Small wonder that when, seven hundred years later, the Shailendra dynasty of kings came into power in Mid-Java and desired to erect a really superb monument in honour of the Lord Buddha, the more sensitive of their monastic advisers recommended that hill as a suitable site, and so came into existence the wonderful structure which we now call Borobudur.

The Designer of Borobudur

Tradition gives the name of the designer of this marvellous fabric as Gunadharma, and states that he was a Hindu Buddhist from the borders of Nepal; but the huge army of workmen whom he employed were Javanese. It is difficult to be certain of dates, but I think that the stupa was completed in 775 A.D.: that date has been suggested by some of the archæologists, and such researches as I have been able to make confirm this. During the eighth century a sect called Wradjasana came rather suddenly into prominence in the entire Buddhistic world: it was founded in the Deccan, but its presentation of the religion spread

into many countries, Java among the number, and there is some evidence that Borobudur was built under its influence.

Not for very long, however, was this splendid edifice allowed to fulfil the primary objects of its builder—that it should be a place of pilgrimage and of instruction to the Buddhist nations of the world. In the year 915 A.D. there occurred another of those terrible volcanic outbursts which have so frequently and so effectually punctuated the history of this part of the world. The great volcano of Krakatau (then called the Rahata or Cancer-volcano) broke out into an eruption so tremendous that it split the whole island into two parts—now called Java and Sumatra respectively—and brought into existence the Straits of Sunda. In the oldest records we find that the trade route from India to China was always through the Malacca channel; but soon after the earth had settled down again from this awe-inspiring convulsion we begin to hear of the adoption of the new southern passage through the Straits of Sunda. This appalling catastrophe is mentioned in the inscriptions of King Erlanggha, sometimes called Jala-langgha, which signifies “he who walks over the waters”—apparently because he escaped from the devastating floods caused by the eruption, and took refuge on the flank of the great Lawu mountain in Surakarta.

Borobudur Buried

At the same time the volcano Merapi threw out an incredible amount of sand and ashes, destroying almost the whole of Erlanggha's Mid-Java kingdom, and entirely burying (among many other buildings) Borobudur, Mendoot, and the Prambanan temples. Naturally an immense amount of injury was done to all these monuments; the dagoba at the top of Borobudur and a good many of the other projections were broken, but on the other hand the general shape of the edifice was

preserved and the stones were held more or less in position. For many centuries the very existence of this great shrine was forgotten; if it could only have remained so until the present day, and been uncovered now by careful and reverent hands, how very much better it would have been!

Erlanggha, thus suddenly deprived at one fell swoop of his kingdom and his revenues, seems to have lived a private life with a few retainers for some years on the slopes of Mount Lawu, where he met some Vaishnavite Brahmans who were living in the woods there as ascetics. He learnt much from them, and was deeply impressed by their doctrine, which coloured the whole of his future life. After some time, however, he came forth from his seclusion and made his way into East Java, where he had eventually the good fortune to marry the daughter of the King of Kediri, and so in due course inherited another throne. He was evidently an able man, for he developed a rich and powerful kingdom there in East Java, where the history of the island then focuses itself; but some centuries passed before it was possible to re-occupy Mid-Java. Under his auspices Sanskrit learning made great advances in the Kediri and Janggala regions, extending up to the Brantas delta, near where Surabaya now is. Buddhism and Hinduisim flourished equally under his rule, and were equally respected; in fact, to a large extent they seem to have blended. The present royal families of Bali and Lombok are descended from Erlanggha.

Some sort of tradition about Borobudur must have lingered among the Javanese royal families, for there is a story that the Crown Prince of Djokjakarta visited it in 1710; but so far as public knowledge goes, it was rediscovered, during the short English occupation of Java in Napoleonic times, by the Governor-General Sir Stamford Raffles, who took a great interest in the temples and ruins of the island.

He ordered its exhumation, but it was soon found that the work would take years, and but little had been achieved when the time came to hand back the islands to Holland. The Dutch Government had other and more immediately pressing work on hand, and antiquarian research was not seriously undertaken until the middle of the last century.

Most unfortunately this peerless monument was not at first placed under Government protection, and so some of the images were removed to museums, or even presented to distinguished visitors, and the villagers of the neighbourhood used the ruins as a

stone-quarry, in the barbarous way in which villagers do all over the world. At the present time the Government has fully awakened to the immense importance of the trust confided to it, and has created a special department devoted to the protection and restoration of the ruins. The restoration has been done with very great care and judgment, replacing missing stones where absolutely necessary for the support of the building, but never attempting any carving or decoration, so that the new stone is always a blank stone, and we see no art but that of the original period.

C.W.L.

(To be concluded)

The Seal of the Theosophical Society

By the Rt. Rev. C. W. Leadbeater.

The serpent is a symbol of wisdom. It is also an emblem of time, and with its tail in its mouth it betokens eternity. In the double triangle, the white triangle pointing upwards means Spirit in its three aspects, the three aspects of the Logos, the three Persons. The dark triangle signifies matter with its three qualities, the gunas. The interlacing is to show that we know nothing of spirit except as it manifests itself through matter, and nothing of matter except as it is vivified by spirit. We know nothing of dead matter anywhere. The *crux ansata*, or handled cross, is an ancient symbol of eternal life or immortality. The *Svastika* at the top of the circle is the sign of the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity and the Third Logos in action. Over the top is the sacred word Om in Devanagiri characters. Sanskrit is a language, not a form of writing, and it may be written in many different scripts, but it is most frequently written in this Devanagiri character. Om is the substituted name of The Logos, the name which takes the place of the unspoken Name. They

say always that there is an unpronounceable name, a sacred name, the name of God, as the Jews used to call it. They indicated it by the letters J.H.V.H., but in India this symbol Om is employed instead of the true name of The Logos. This is the sacred Raja Mantram. All the great chants and hymns of India begin with this King Mantram. It has a very distinct power when it is properly recited. It sets in motion great swinging, soothing vibrations which produce wonderful effects. So it is put there as a sign that the Logos is above all, and remember that it conveys with it the idea of reverence and veneration to the highest. The repetition of it is supposed to be what you would call an act of worship. "There is no religion higher than truth" is not quite a correct translation of the Sanskrit, but it makes a good motto nevertheless. Perhaps a more accurate rendering would be: "There is no Dharma higher than truth," meaning that whatever a man has to do, there can be nothing which demands that he should suppress the truth.

A.E.—Irish Poet and Mystic

II.

By Hilda A. Steven

In addition to his fine achievements in letters A.E. is a great artist, his paintings revealing the spiritual life as fully as his writings. Many of his pictures represent what he has seen in vision. St. John Ervine, an Irish writer and dramatist, a man, as he himself says, by nature most sceptical, describing one of his pictures, which he possesses, writes:—"I have a picture by A.E. of an ascending road on the side of a mountain. There is rain in the air, and the road has a lonely unfrequented look, yet, though there is no living creature visible in the picture, Life fills it. I feel sometimes when I sit back in my chair and look at 'The Mountain Road,' that there are divine beings behind the bushes, and that if I could only climb up that road and turn the corner of the mountain I should come upon the Golden Age. He almost persuades me to believe in the Shining Ones."

In 1917 A.E.—better known in public life as George William Russell—sat as a member of the Irish Convention, which was endeavouring to find a solution of the Irish problem. He is editor of and chief contributor to the *Irish Homestead*, (recently incorporated with the *Irish Statesman*), one of the finest magazines in Great Britain and Ireland, and through its pages and those of other journals he has preached week after week for many years the gospel of co-operation to the Irish farmers, for he believes that this great movement will help to restore the people of his country to their ancient stature.

A.E.'s belief in the divinity in man is expressed in many of his poems, and he realizes the unity in all and through all. A very beautiful illustration of this is the subject of his essay "The Hero in Man," in which he represents

mankind as lights united by strands one with the other, all being replenished from the Mighty Mother. "There is an inner alliance," he says, "between the soul who would fain give and the soul who is in need. The Living Light having found a way into the being of any one person, does not rest there, but sends its rays and extends its influence on and on to illumine the darkness of another nature, and so we must see our lamp is kept bright, that its light may shine in some other heart that draws nigh to it in its hour of need, and whoever restrains that light shuts himself off from influx and his light wanes. The great soul sheds its love like rays of glory and against the arrow shafts of hate and rebellion it only lays more bare its heart that profounder love from the Mother Nature may pass through upon the rest; but no one," he says, "can withstand for ever such warfare, for by the perpetual wounding of the inner nature it is so wearied that the spirit must withdraw from a tabernacle grown too frail to support the increase of light within and the jarring of the demoniac nature without; and at length comes the call, which means for awhile release, and a deep rest in regions beyond the paradise of lesser souls, and as this light passes on, another comes to take up the burden and gather the shining strands and pass on the light, and of this sequence of spiritual guides there is no ending."

And again: "We came out of the great Mother Life for the purposes of soul. . . Though we seem to go alone to the high, the lonely, the pure, we need not despair. Let no one bring to this task the mood of the martyr or of one who thinks he sacrifices something. Yet let all who will, come. Let them enter the path, facing all things

in life and death with a mood at once gay and reverent, as befits those who are immortal—who are children today, but whose hands tomorrow may grasp the sceptre, sitting down with the Gods as equals and companions." Many poems, too, reveal his belief that we live and rise by love. Lines from the two poems, "Immortality" and "Symbolism" will illustrate:—

"In the fire of love we live, or pass by many ways,
By unnumbered ways of dream to death."
"We rise, but by the symbol charioted,
Through loved things rising up to Love's own ways,
By these the soul unto the vast has wings
And sets the seal celestial on all mortal things."

Ever he leads one on scaling the heights: "As our aspiration, so is our inspiration. . . . We have imagined ourselves into littleness, darkness and feebleness. We must imagine ourselves into greatness." But he deprecates meditation apart from action. "The mystic," he writes, "will often experience a sense of futility after much thought, this is because he has not recognized that he must be worker as well as seer."

To the Ancient Wisdom A.E. often refers—the Hindu Scriptures, Vaishnava, Veda and Upanishad, and that he is a believer in reincarnation is seen in many of his poems. The following reference to reincarnation is from his essay *The Hero in Man*: "Many people move unconscious of their own charm, unknowing of the beauty and power they seem to others to impart. It is some past attainment of the soul, a jewel won in some old battle, which it may have forgotten, but none the less this gleams on its tiara, and the star-flame inspires others to hope and victory."

And so this man of great understanding and wide sympathies is helping largely to harmonize the discordant elements in the land of his birth. Of his influence in this direction, St. John Ervine writes: "When the evil temper which possesses Ireland at this moment

has subsided, the fine temper of A.E. will rise again and call Irishmen to a kindlier mood. The little town of Lurgan in which he was born, is notorious in Ulster for the harshness of its religious discussions. A base bigotry flourishes there. It is in the nature of things, that from a place of great bitterness should have come a man of reconciliation, bidding Catholic and Protestant to meet, not in Geneva or in Rome, but on the holy hills of Ireland, under the protection of the ancient Gods."

And by bearing in mind these lines of A.E.—

Keep the secret sense celestial
Of the starry birth;
Though about you call the bestial
Voices of the earth.
we, too, may help in hastening the advent of the Golden Age.

Hilda A. Steven.

THE RUINS OF ANGKOR

We have received from Bishop Leadbeater a long and interesting article on Angkor, the old Buddhist ruins in Cambodia, now rescued in part from the grip of the jungle and preserved by the French government. This article will be profusely illustrated, the blocks, as in the case of the article on Borobudur, being the generous gift of the Bishop; for he says that the writing of the articles and the gift of blocks and cost of extra printing which he bears are his contribution as a substitute for the editorial work he would do for *The Australian Theosophist* were he still residing in Sydney. The Australian Section is surely grateful that Bishop Leadbeater continues to write for its official organ, thus sustaining the appreciated honour that *The Australian Theosophist* is the only magazine which can boast a regular contribution from his pen in each issue.

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Bishop Leadbeater's Movements

By a Member of his Party.

We left Batavia on October 12th, and reached Belawan Deli (the port of Medan in Sumatra) early on the 15th. We stayed at Medan until the morning of the 24th, and held many interesting meetings there. There is no regular Church Service there yet, as there is no resident Priest; but the Bishop held a Celebration, a Confirmation and a Round Table meeting—without any interval between them. The Masonic Lodge is very small, but the work was done exceedingly well.

Our next move was to Cochin China, but as we had to wait three days in Singapore for the French steamer *Chenonceaux* we had a gathering of the members of the Esoteric School and two question meetings there. On October 30th we arrived at Saigon—our first experience of a country where the religion is the Mahayana form of Buddhism. There is a considerable mixture of races there—races which differ widely. Most of our Theosophical members there are Annamites, though there are several Chinese and a very few Frenchmen. The Annamites, it would seem, have no translation of the Buddhist scriptures in their own language, and have to depend upon Chinese books which they only imperfectly understand; so one of the principal pieces of work done by the Theosophical Society there has been to prepare Annamite epitomes of some of those books.

After three very interesting days in Saigon, we started at 6 a.m. on November 2nd in the motor-car of our kind host M. Raimond, to visit the world-renowned ruins of Angkor in Cambodia. The distance is 350 miles, so we took it easily, and divided the journey into two parts. The ordinary road through Pnom-Penh, the capital of Cambodia and the residence of its King, had been washed away by an

inundation, so we had to adopt a more northerly route, mostly through primeval jungle, said to be frequented by tigers, leopards and elephants.

Our friends gave us the consoling information that a tiger very rarely attacks a motor-car travelling at a good speed, but that if we happened to have a puncture we should be decidedly in danger. We had *two* punctures in the course of our journey, but—would you believe it?—not a tiger took the slightest notice of us, though I am sure we gave them every opportunity! We felt quite neglected; but perhaps they had already had lunch, and did not feel hungry.

The Wonders of Angkor

We spent the night at a village called Kampong Thom, where, somewhat to our surprise, there was a really first-rate hotel. Next day we did the rest of our journey, arriving at the Hotel des Ruines at Angkor soon after noon. Here we stayed for five crowded days, spending all our time in sight-seeing, in climbing about those most marvellous ruins and examining the miles of bas-reliefs on the walls of the corridors. I am sure we could have spent five months there and seen something new every day. I will not attempt to describe this place—certainly one of the wonders of the world—for I believe the Bishop himself has written an account of it for *The Australian Theosophist*; and, besides, any adequate description would require volumes. But it was an experience which none of us will ever forget.

The Bishop insisted upon tramping all over the two ruined cities, and climbing into all sorts of impossible places—causing us, indeed, considerable anxiety in some cases; but it never seemed to do him the least harm, and not even to fatigue him unduly, though

he walked many miles and was often on his feet practically the whole day. It seemed as though he was prospecting the place from an occult point of view, but he did not say much about it.

On the evening of our last day we started at 10.30, drove to a village 21 miles away, and there embarked on a sampan. After more than an hour's hard rowing, we tied up to a casual tree projecting from the water in the middle of a shallow estuary—shallow, but so wide that we could not see the banks—and remained there sitting uncomfortably among swarms of fleas until 4 a.m. next morning, when a tiny steamer arrived from somewhere and took us off.

This little steamer did not look promising, but fortunately it proved unexpectedly clean and comfortable, providing us with excellent beds, mosquito-curtains and very good food. Later in the morning we woke to find ourselves in an enormous but very shallow lake called the Ton-le Sap, where we cruised all morning amid half-submerged trees and lacustrine villages on piles exactly like the lakewellings in prehistoric Switzerland. It was a sort of indefinitely extended Cambodian Venice, but with huts lining its canals instead of palaces.

There were, however, frequent cadjan-built monasteries of yellow-robed Buddhist monks among the curious bamboo-woven huts, for though Annam and Cochin China belong to the Mahayana countries, where one sees the distinctive dress of the *bhikkhu* but rarely, Cambodia is Hinayana, and the colourful robes of the monk brighten the streets there just as they do in Burma or Ceylon.

At noon we abandoned our steamer and boarded a motor-launch which carried us in three hours to a town called Battambang, where again we had the good fortune to find a first-rate hotel with all the most modern conveniences. After our sampan ex-

periences of the previous night we were thankful to retire early, especially as we had to make a start at a most ungodly hour the next morning. In fact, there was enough early rising all through this part of the tour to make us "healthy, wealthy and wise" for the rest of our lives, if there is any truth in the old proverb!

Good Karma

A stupid though well-intentioned waiter roused us at 1.30 a.m. instead of 2.30 as ordered, for which we did not exactly bless him; but it was 3.30 before we were really on the road—by motor again, for there are no railways yet in Cambodia. It was a cold and wearisome drive of nearly a hundred miles through desolate marshes, and I cannot pretend that we enjoyed it greatly; but we were far more fortunate than we knew, for when at last we crossed the Siamese frontier and found civilization once more in the shape of a railway-station and an excellent breakfast, we heard that another Bishop, the Roman Vicar-Apostolic of Cambodia, had made the very same journey twenty-four hours earlier, and that *his* vehicle had been held up by a party of bandits, who had robbed the passengers of everything they possessed! We made the acquaintance of that Bishop afterwards on the steamer crossing from Prai to Penang, and he told us all about it. He was a most delightful and polite old gentleman, who knew of the Liberal Catholic Church, and treated us with the utmost courtesy.

But as far as we are concerned the point of that story is this. If we had not been prevented by the floods from carrying out our original programme, we should have made that particular trip *a day earlier than we did*, and the bandits would have caught two Bishops at one haul! Can an inundation be regarded as providential? At least we may say that the Lords of Karma utilized it on this occasion.

From the frontier station, Aranh Prades, we took a train to Bangkok, the capital of Siam. On the way we met with an unexpected delay. It appeared that during the night, or rather in the very early morning, an accident had occurred. A piece of stone from the road ballast had somehow been jerked into the points of a siding, and an engine and some trucks had thereby been derailed, so that both lines were blocked. Fortunately no one was hurt, but it was impossible for our train to pass. They had telegraphed to Bangkok for the "break-down" gang, and also for another train to carry us on, so that we might not have to wait until the line was cleared. So we all had to leave our original train and walk along the line past the derailed engine, and then climb up into the relief train which had been sent down from the capital for us. We saw the repairing train waiting to begin work as soon as we had passed, and we were much impressed by the powerful and up-to-date machinery with which it was equipped.

Up-to-date Siam

The Siamese are a remarkably up-to-date people in many ways. The railway company's hotel adjoining the station at Bangkok (called the Rajdhani Hotel) was superbly fitted in every way—palatial rooms, with all the latest improvements, a fine bathroom with full-sized bath attached to every bedroom, hot and cold water always available day and night, capital vegetarian food, etc. The through train from Bangkok to Penang was equal in sleeping accommodation and all conveniences to anything in Australia, Europe or America. Bangkok as a city is in process of transformation, for broad avenues, spacious squares and beautiful parks are rapidly taking the place of the narrow and sordid streets of the old town. There seem to be certain advantages in having an absolute monarchy—when you have the right kind of monarch! And

His Majesty of Siam appears to fill the bill!

The Bishop seemed very favourably impressed with Siam in various ways. He had an interview with the Sangharaja—the head of all the Buddhist monks in Siam—gave him a copy of his *Introductory Catechism of Buddhism*, and established friendly relations with him. Also he made friends with some of the officials of the Court; perhaps he is paving the way for the introduction of Theosophy into that country.

We had only two full days in Bangkok, though we spent three nights there; and those days were fully occupied with sight-seeing. We needed at least a fortnight to visit even the principal points of interest; but our passages from Penang to Madras were already booked, so we were inexorably compelled to push on.

At Penang also we should have been glad of a longer stay. We saw the great Chinese temple at Ayer Itam, and we took the celebrated 50-mile drive round the island—thought by many to be the loveliest drive in the world; but there were several other things that we would have done if we could. On November 16th we embarked on the British India steamer *Rohna*, and had the very great pleasure of finding that the captain of that ship is a Theosophist, who was well acquainted with our President and many other leading members. We owe him much, for he was most kind to us, and made that voyage exceedingly pleasant—in many ways the pleasantest we have ever had, for he placed everything that he could at our disposal, and it happened that the weather was perfect until we reached the Indian coast, when we encountered some of the showers of the monsoon. We duly arrived at Madras on the 23rd, and were met on the wharf by the President, Mrs. van der Hell, Miss Neff, Rae Saheb Subbiah Chetty, Mr. Sri Ram and other old friends.

Arrival at Adyar

The President is well and strong, and she seems also happy and confident, though overwhelmed with business connected with her effort to secure Dominion Status for India. The present Viceroy is favourable to the idea, but there is a Communist party suborned by bribes from Russia which is always on the side of evil and is giving much trouble.

Even already members from abroad are slowly gathering for the Convention. The great 8 a.m. meeting on Sunday mornings is re-established, and is followed by a 9.30 Celebration at the Church. Bishop Bonjer is here; Bishop Pigott has landed in Bombay; Bishops Wedgwood and Cooper are expected on the 16th, and Mr. Jinarajadasa on the 23rd. Krishnaji himself is to be with us on the 17th; there will be a great gathering of the clans,

and we are looking forward to a splendid Convention, though we shall sadly miss Bishop Arundale and Rukmini. But in that respect our loss will be your very great gain.

BROTHERHOOD

Brotherhood among yourselves; true, unclouded Brotherhood, is the need, the imperative need, today. And for this each one of you is individually responsible. You must establish and maintain Brotherhood in your own immediate surroundings, in every movement to which you belong. You must do this, at whatever cost to yourselves. Where you are, there must Brotherhood be.

ANNIE BESANT,
(in New India)

Work in the Lodges

BRISBANE ACTIVITIES

The outstanding event of this year was the recent fortnight's visit of our General Secretary. We all greatly enjoyed his genial, stimulating, and helpful presence with us. His three addresses on various aspects of Modernism were thoughtful and showed a breadth of outlook and a grip of current tendencies.

Mrs. Bean has been carrying on her most successful classes, three of them each week. They are well attended, the largest averaging from 12 to 14 earnest students. She gives good, solid, common-sense Theosophy and applies it to Life in her own trenchant, incisive way.

Various visitors have helped our Sunday Platform, including Dr. Crofton Paine (a returned soldier who contacted Theosophy through Dr. Bean at the war) and Mr. Hynes of Melbourne. Miss Clarke, Mrs. Moss, Mrs. Mason Beatty, Mr. Morris and Senator Reid all lectured for us, the Senator several times and most interestingly. The lectures have been well reported in the Press. In this way we contact a big circle and now that we are so accessible, at the Vasanta Hall, we note many new faces (men especially) each Sunday night.

The Friday luncheons have continued, though not, on the whole, so well attended as they were at Besant House. Successful Astrology Classes have been held regularly by Mrs. Mason Beatty and Mrs. Monteith. The Order of Service has worked indefatigably, disembodying £290 for various good causes, besides garments for folk in need.

A NIGHT WITH WAGNER

On Sunday, December 1st, in the Adyar Hall, Sydney, under the auspices of Blavatsky Lodge, Mr. Norman Ingamells delivered a lecture-recital on Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde," the least understood of all Wagner's dramas and probably the most mystical and profound. To a large audience he pointed out that Wagner intended this drama to be an expression of the awakening of the consciousness in Nirvana, that world or state of universal love and mystical unity with the All. From Wagner's letters we discover that he was a Buddhist. Wagner's play on the words "Night" and "Oblivion" is intended to convey the idea of the dying out of all sense domination, but also an awakening upon the inner spiritual planes that Theosophy speaks of. The lecture was illustrated with excellent records of a Festival in Wagner's own theatre at Bayreuth.

National Angels

By Geoffrey Hodson

Special to *The Australian Theosophist*

VI.

VAGRANCY.

The Sin of Idleness

The National Angel would seem to consider vagrancy to be as serious a defect in the national life as is crime. The wilful vagrant corresponds to the drone in the beehive. He is non-productive, both industrially and socially, and is therefore a dead-weight upon the community.

The vagrant wards of workhouses are foci of adverse psychical and magnetic influences which the tramp carries about with him up and down the country. These vitiate the atmosphere of the nation and lower its psychic and spiritual tone.

The Angel's attitude towards the problem of wilful vagrancy would seem to be that such men and women must be provided with productive labour; that they should be treated as criminals, and segregated until they have been educated out of their vagrancy. He almost regards them as a greater evil than the criminal, presumably on account of their wilful idleness and deliberate choice of the vagrant's life, in which they live upon the community and give nothing in return. They are social vampires, and their psychic influence has the characteristics of vampirism.

Seen through the Angel's eyes, workhouses and the main roads which connect them appear like a series of octopuses, with their bodies at the vagrant wards and their tentacles stretched out over the country side. It is interesting to note that evil and good are represented by a similar system of centres and connecting lines. Vagrancy produces a network of darkness over the land, and religion a similar network of light.

The Angel regards it as a mistake to accept inmates for one night only. They should be segregated entirely, and set to work on experimental farms, in special mines and factories, until their vagrant habits and their idleness have been eradicated. Those who are forced into vagrancy by adversity should not be mixed with the habitual vagrant, for there is a great moral distinction between the two classes. At present there is always the danger that the tramps will infect the unemployed with their habit of vagrancy. The whole workhouse system should therefore be abolished, and educative institutions take its place.

Every worker holds a high position in the eyes of the National Angel, for the honest worker generates favourable karma for the nation, liberates useful energy, and is a source of increased vitality. There is a national heart in the inner worlds through which life-force is continually pouring into the nation; all those who work, whether spiritually, mentally or physically, serve as channels for the nation's life-force, and provide means for its expression. The ordered flow of that life through the nation keeps it spiritually and psychically healthy. Idleness blocks the flow, for the deliberately idle man or woman produces an effect on the nation similar to that produced by a clot of blood in the vascular system of the body. In addition, his idleness affords a means of entrance for undesirable negative forces.

The Angel finds that idle people respond neither to the spiritual forces behind the nation, nor to the quickening influence which He is continually bringing to bear upon every individual member of His race. He Himself works unceasingly for the national good;

idlers are His antithesis, and it seems evident that He objects very strongly to their participation in the national life. This attitude of His is not confined to the vagrant and lower classes, but includes idlers in every rank of society. He considers that every member of the race should be engaged in productive work of some sort as soon as his education is completed.

VII.

A BROTHER NATIONAL ANGEL

England and India

The National Angel of England is an enormously powerful Being, Who has great power at His disposal in the highest worlds. There is a strong element of pathos, however, both in the diminution of His power as it descends to the lower levels of the material worlds, and in the present unresponsiveness of the average Briton to His ministrations.

One recognizes the sublime patience, the unflinching devotion to duty, and the wonderful capacity to rise superior to the limitations of time which characterise the Angel in His work. In spite of the apparent failures of the present, His lofty ideal of His nation is undimmed. In spite of the policy of a particular government in preparation for war, He still sees His nation as a world-peacemaker, and a great civilizing agent for the whole planet.

The Angel appears to be more closely connected with the Angels of the Dominions than with those of other European countries; this is especially the case with the Angel of India, Who at this time appears to be working in close association with Him in the inner worlds.

The National Angel of India is also a great and splendid Archangel. His mighty figure shines with many rich and glorious hues, in which golden-yellow, deepening to old gold, predominates. He too finds His people

for the most part unresponsive to His influence, so steeped and fixed are they in the ancient traditions of their race. Their Angel seeks to release them from the bonds of a dead formalism, to bring about a revival of the national spirit of India, and to quicken the spirituality and spiritual enthusiasm of ancient Aryavarta.

The two great Angels of England and India appear to be assisting each other in Their tasks and labouring to bring about a closer union of the two great races over whose destinies They preside. They work from a level at which the whole country is visible, and all its peoples are within easy reach of Their consciousness. Their auras seem to embrace the whole land, and streams of power may be seen flowing from and through Them to Their people on the earth below. The Indian Angel seems to have His station high up over the city of Delhi, with which city He is in close communication.

The same phenomena of the existence of brilliant centres of light presents itself in India as in England, but it appears that the areas of darkness are far more numerous and more dense than is the case in England. Certain parts of India seem to be under a black pall through which even the great Angel's mighty power cannot penetrate.

Every Englishman living in India maintains his contact with his own National Angel, this contact showing as a line of light streaming from the heart of the Angel into the ego of each individual, who thus appears bound to Him by bonds of spiritual light. Indians in England are similarly connected with their own Angel, and the lines of the various National Angels cross and intermingle as contact with their people is maintained.

From this level one sees how much richer and more splendid than the British is the Indian national over-soul. It is like a glorious temple, encrusted with many jewels—perchance too heavily—all reflecting the bright rays

of the sun. It is stable, fixed and built on very firm foundations, while the ego of the British race is as yet relatively formless; by comparison with India, England is very young, fresh and malleable. The many qualities and characteristics of the British race appear as flashes of colour and light, which change continually, rather than

as jewels firmly embedded in some archaic monument.

At this point the studies were interrupted. Even in their present incomplete and fragmentary form the notes would seem to possess a certain interest and are therefore offered, with apologies for their incompleteness, to *The Australian Theosophist*.

—G.H.

Questions and Answers

YOUR CAUSAL BODY

Question: To clairvoyant vision does the mental body appear as though it were shining through the astral, or does it extend beyond the astral?

Bishop Leadbeater: In the case of practically all human beings it is the causal body that determines the size of these other vehicles. That is why it is called the causal body, because its size, its colouring, is the cause of all that happens in the lower vehicles. That begins to expand when the person is developed, and as it expands so do the others also expand, but before the expansion can take place the development is shown in brighter colouring and very definitely marked. And on the other hand, although your astral body does not extend beyond the causal body, the mental body of the earth does extend further into space than does the astral. Your atmosphere which is still part of your physical earth extends, I do not know how far it extends, but quite a long way in a tenuous condition; beyond that extends some etheric matter which is still physical, but the astral aura extends so far that under certain conditions the astral aura of the earth may touch the astral aura of the moon. That happens at perigee, but at apogee they are quite separated, astrally but not necessarily mentally.

THE HUMAN FORM

Question: Why does man wear his present form?

Bishop Leadbeater: The Logos of the System when He chooses to materialise Himself wears a form like ours, but very greatly glorified. It would seem probable—(I dare not make positive statements about things so exalted)—that because He takes that form we take it also. All other entities seem naturally to flow into it. Even the spirits of the trees when they externalise themselves take a shadowy cloud-like human form. I think it is because that is the form chosen to be the highest in this solar system. We have no certain knowledge that the same form is taken for the highest in all other solar systems.

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CLAIRVOYANCE AND CRIME

Question: Why do not people who have the faculty of clairvoyance use their power to detect crime and expose it?

Bishop Leadbeater: Do you think we are a kind of astral police, those of us who are clairvoyant. The work of human justice is sometimes a little vague and a little uncertain. There is an infallible law of karma which attends to all that sort of thing, and we are strictly forbidden to use higher powers for physical plane objects, otherwise we might make ourselves into a sort of in-

formation bureau. It is not in that way that higher spiritual powers are used, I do assure you. Occasionally, some interference with the ordinary course of things on the physical plane seems to have been permitted. You will find some such cases in a little book I wrote called *Invisible Helpers*. It is very rarely so, and only when there is the karma which makes it possible. That is to say when the people on the physical plane have deserved that that should be done. But we are not taking up work of that sort.

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THE DANGER OF PRIDE

Question: After taking the First Initiation would it be possible to fall into the hands of Black Magicians?

Bishop Leadbeater: It is always possible to fall, to make mistakes. You are told in *Light on the Path* and *The voice of the Silence* that you may fall up to the very threshold of the superhuman life. Of course one is less likely to do so as he knows more and more, but there are difficulties and very subtle temptations. The very man who makes progress and knows more than others is likely if he is not careful to be conceited about it; he develops a spiritual pride and that is sure to mean a fall sooner or later. A very, very dangerous thing is spiritual pride.

* * *

THE CRIMINAL.

Question: Could a criminal be an evolved man?

Bishop Leadbeater: Quite a highly evolved man might commit a crime in a moment of passion. Of course the really highly evolved man would not have the moment of passion. Could you commit a crime? I have not the slightest doubt you could if you were sufficiently excited. You might easily do something for which you would be very sorry afterwards. Technically you would be a criminal, but you would also be an evolved person. But if you mean a habitual criminal, certainly not.

HOSTS OF ANGELS

Question: Is the number of Angels much more numerous than men?

Bishop Leadbeater: I do not know. I have seen vast numbers of the Angelic kingdom, but I have seen some fair crowds on the physical plane. If with Angels you include nature spirits, I should think that probably it was larger. As far as I am aware they do not take a census in the Angel kingdom. There are vast hosts of Angels. We had better leave it at that. We cannot be very precise. I get the impression of enormous hosts, that is as much as I can say.

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RAMAKRISHNA

Question: What was Ramakrishna?

Bishop Leadbeater: Both names are taken from successive incarnations of Vishnu. All Indian names have a definite meaning and tell you something about the person. Rama was the Seventh Avatara or incarnation of Vishnu. Krishna was the eighth incarnation of Vishnu, for which reason in all Hindu families the eighth son of the family is always called Krishna-murti. A Krishna whom many of us know was the eighth son of that family, just as was the original Krishna who was also the eighth son. Rama and Krishna were the names of two successive Avatars. Evidently you are referring to some particular writer or teacher. In all probability he would be a Hindu, in which case his teachings would differ from the teaching of the Lord Buddha. The superficial difference between these religions does not matter. The great thing to study is the great reality which lies behind them all.

Theosophist, married, age 34, University Education, held commission in Great War, varied experience journalistic, secretarial and clerical, seeks employment. Ready to go anywhere and do anything. Apply "Amicus," c/o the General Secretary.